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mixed with it. Winsor & Newton's Prussian blue does not stain the paper; it works well with lake and Italian pink in making transparent grays for glazing. Antwerp blue should never be used, on account of its liability to change.

Of the yellows, Indian yellow, yellow ochre, gamboge, and cadmium yellow, all bear in washing the softening action of the brush without disadvantage.

Vermilion affords beautifully delicate tones, but is apt to wash up. The best reds are light red and the madder lakes, although others may be used with advantage.

Early morning, with mists rising from the sea or from flat marshy grounds, may be thus imitated, the sun being supposed to appear above the horizon. Prepare several small saucers containing the following tints, each of course in a quantity suited to the size and requirements of the proposed work: 1. Indian yellow, with a small portion of gamboge; 2. Cobalt, with a small portion of crimson lake or rose madder, and a very small quantity of Chinese white to produce a semi-opacity without being perceptible; 3. A pale tint of light red. Of the first tint (the Indian yellow and gamboge) there should be two degrees, one very pale, with less Indian yellow. The drawing being properly sloped, the paper is to be washed over with water; and when the moisture has somewhat evaporated, let the pale yellow be passed over the entire surface. When dry, the drawing is to be reversed, the water again passed over it, and the yellow tint, commencing imperceptibly at the horizon, gradually increased downward toward the top of the sky, the second or stronger degree being used at the finish. The paper ought now to appear of a pale yellow, slightly stronger toward the top, and any inequality should be corrected by more water washings, before proceeding to the next tinting. Let it be supposed that the subject in hand is a calm sea with a few fishing-boats scattered about: we thus presume the elements of a very simple composition, although in the treatment of the effect the student is not limited to any given subject. The distant objects seen against the sky, whether boats or otherwise, may now be put in upon the yellow with the second tint containing cobalt and lake; this will give a gray shadowy appearance, and will harmonize well with the sky. The position of the sun (which should not be chosen too near the centre or sides of the picture) may now be determined; and a line of water having been drawn below it, a little of the blue tint is to be carried down, and washed away imperceptibly over the foreground; this, if properly done, will express the mist and haze of the distance, and at the same time blend and soften all distant objects. The upper part of the sky may be somewhat of a rosy hue; and, in order to produce this tint, the board must be reversed, and the light red wash employed as the others were that preceded it. A few floating clouds may be put in while the latter tint is wet; they must be composed of rose madder and light red, with faint shadowings of cobalt. Some judgment is requisite in working the sky in this manner; yet if the effect appear in any degree harsh, it may be corrected by subsequent water washes. The sky may incline toward gray at the top, in which case the blue tint, with the addition of rose madder, may be used; but the learner must beware of the common error of making it blue, as not only destructive of harmony and repose, but as being absolutely false to nature.

The paper being perfectly dry, a sharp scraper should be lightly used over that part of the sky which is about the sun; this process will give a very natural effect. The sun is represented by scraping the paper and leaving it white; and, if desired, a few touches with the instrument will give the rays which appear to extend upward or downward through a partial mist. The water, with the boats and objects in the foreground, next claims the student's attention. Raw sienna and cobalt will be found to give a pleasing tone to the sea, little, however, of the blue being used; and toward the immediate foreground a small portion of Vandyke brown or brown-pink being added. The boats may be put in with various warm tones of Vandyke brown, brown madder with indigo, burnt sienna, and colors of a similar character. Roman ochre gives a rich color for old sails. Lastly, a due regard must be paid, in the finishing, to each portion of the work, in order to attain that quietness and harmony upon which much of the charm of such a subject will depend. More or less gray must pervade even the darkest parts of the drawing; and, where rich color is required to be toned down or

sobered, a wash of cobalt and lake, with a minute portion of opaque white, quickly brushed or scumbled over the object, without disturbing the under work, will, in most cases, prove effective for the purpose. The lights in the water, such as the reflections of the sunbeams catching the ripples, may be wiped out in the manner already described; and the knife may be used occasionally for the production of any sharp and brilliant touches that may be required.

The treatment of evening effects differs from that just described principally in the greater power and depth of coloring required to imitate the splendor of the setting sun. Unless the sentiment of the subject be fully felt, where so much depends upon the influence of the mind, the learner will gain but little from the most circumstantially detailed description of the mode of treatment required for such a picture as that under consideration.

In the list of colors for sunset skies, cadmium yellow certainly holds an important place; when used alone, it readily throws all other yellows into the shade; and mixed with vermilion, or with crimson lake, it produces an orange of intense power. It is not quite so transparent as Indian yellow, and therefore mixes admirably with Chinese white for the light touches of bright clouds or of mountains. Rose madder is invaluable for glazing over such touches when dry, should they be required to be of a warmer hue.

The student who really looks to nature for color, and studies carefully her combinations, will very rarely err materially in his work. Thus, at sunset, orange is the prevailing color, not merely in the sky, but also on all objects lighted by the sun's rays. The proper contrast to orange is blue; and accordingly we find that in nature bluish or purple shadows are continually opposed to the warm orange lights. In a gray twilight, on the contrary, where the lights are sparkling, but cold, the shadows partake of a warm or brownish hue. This principle must be borne in mind, as being one of the most important in painting.

In all effects, then, which depend upon sunlight, contrast is the great object of attainment. By contrast is meant, not only the power possessed by cool tints of increasing the hue of warm ones, but also the powerful opposition of dark tones against the lights of the picture. Let the student, for example, work a sky as follows: at the top, with cool gray, graduated into pale orange, tending to red toward the horizon. The colors are to be employed according to the instructions given in preceding columns. The colors may appear warm, but let some well-defined distant mountains be now put in with a sombre gray, composed of French blue and madder brown, with a very little Indian yellow or gamboge. The distant part of the sky will now be luminous, and what before was merely warmth will now become light.

A middle distance of rocks, or wood, added with Vandyke brown, brown-pink, and indigo, will cause the mountains to retire; and the sky and other objects, reflected in a rocky river in the foreground, may complete the work.

There are several methods of representing a glowing sunset. The sun may be painted with pure Chinese white, laid on sufficiently thick to hide the sky tint completely. This, when dry, is to be glazed with cadmium yellow, or Indian yellow and vermilion, according as yellow, orange, or red is required. This method gives a much greater degree of brilliancy than can be obtained by mixing the white with the colors. Another way is, to scrape out the lights of the sun's disk; and the part being smoothed, it may be tinted in the manner above described. Clouds of a cool tint are often observed about the horizon, sometimes partially obscuring or crossing the sun; for these clouds, cobalt and lake, with a little white, will be found effective, as they will increase the warmth of the luminary; they must not, however, look chalky, which would result from using too much white in the color.

In studying such effects from nature, where the color-box is not at hand, or when too much time would be lost in obtaining the requisite tints, the soft crayons, with which colored crayon drawings are executed, will be found of great service. The most powerful effect may be conveyed to paper by their aid in a few moments, and the sky thus jotted down, as it were, afterward studied and introduced at leisure with the ordinary water colors.

Some artists possess portfolios of skies, put in this manner on tinted paper; they may be caught thus from

a window at a moment's notice, when all might have changed into sombre gloom long before color could even have been prepared on the palette. Moonlight or moonrise may be imitated in the same manner as sunset; but gamboge or Indian yellow will be best for tinting the moon, over the lower portion of which a faint tone of warmth may, when the moon is near the horizon, be given with light red. The sky in moonlight may be laid in with indigo and a little Vandyke brown and lake; dark clouds with lamp black and French blue. With the two latter colors alone various beautiful stormy skies may be represented; the contrast of the blue causing the black to assume, if desired, a warm tone in shadows.

Practice according to the rules thus laid down will enable the learner to express most or all of the varied effects he sees in nature or in the works of the best masters; but he must bear in mind the important fact, that the power of painting a picture is not to be acquired from books alone; although it is hoped the assistance here given may, with perseverance and assiduity on his part, enable him ultimately to overcome some of the difficulties of art, as well by beneficially directing him with his early attempts in sketching from nature, as by saving an amount of time that might be otherwise uselessly spent in various efforts to discover such necessary processes as can be taught by description.

American Art Galleries.*

X.

COLLECTION OF JAMES H. STEBBINS, ESQ.

CABINETS of pictures have their family, genus, species just as much as the vertebrata. So, among the blundering and dunderhead galleries, the good-natured and open-to-all galleries, the archaic and old-master galleries, the plaster-cast archaeological galleries such as I saw lately in Boston—among these types one comes suddenly upon the well-informed Gallery. The well-informed Gallery knows the latest art-topic; it knows the particular young genius who is just now riding upon the highest wave of the vogue; it knows that though Couture was the fashion five years ago, it will not do to talk Couture now, but one must talk Millet. It knows that Fortuny was "all the fashion" until the late Paris Exposition, and that then he "took a header" into condemnation—Mr. Stewart's loan of Fortunys having done the business, and revealed how brassy and glassy and "mesquin" his works appeared when a lot of them were shown together. One asks with bated breath, in such a Gallery, who are the coming men, the men whom it will be good form to admire for the next five years or so; but here the Gallery, just as it is on the point of whispering the names of Henner and Baudry, or Laurens and Galofre, suddenly becomes reticent, and declines to commit itself, conscious that five years is a long time in the calendar of art-caprice, and that even profound mathematicians decline to calculate "the way the cat is going to jump." The well-informed Gallery is as the salon of a charming hostess; you get the gossip of the day, the exquisite trifle that nobody but you and I knows; you are in that world of things where the forms of the future are taking shape; you are living in a to-morrow, as compared with the ill-informed spheres elsewhere; and then, just as you are giving your enchantress the credit of universal knowledge, you suddenly discover that she is a little less than a goddess, that she cannot tell everything, and that it is idle to ask her who will be the belle of the next ball. Correspondingly, when you are visiting a gallery even so modern in tone, so well-informed as that of Mr. Stebbins, it is idle to try and extract omniscience from it, or make it yield calculations on which a speculative corner in rising artists may be predicted.

A work that is in the best credit with modern taste, and which the most fashionable women might approve between two dances, even as Pompadour belles might compare their "verniss-Martin" pictorial fans, is Luis Alvarez' brilliant little scene of "Selling Tickets for the Charity Bull-Fight." Here is the butterfly painting of the Spanish-Roman artists rejoicing among its own beatitudes, divested of a body, sublimed and uncontaminated. The scene has a glitter, a false empha-

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sis, not characteristic of real life, perhaps; but it is witty, elegant, and delightful; art confectionery never created a more piquant delicacy. A Spanish nurse, in front, holds a foundling baby, a living placard of the charity to be benefited; she sits at a long table, behind which are rows of nuns, sincere, abstracted, collected; but a mundane dowager in a ruff is among them, with a sharp eye to the contribution-box. Don Basilio, in his broad-leaf hat, sits with a plan of the arena, one of whose seats he is selling to an old dandy. A delightful Spanish bull-fighter, beautiful, conquering, invincible as a Santiago on a banner, intercepts the pretty damsels as they come in, and flirts with them, all profligacies being blessed by heaven in order that our crèche may be sustained. Then add to this the physical horrors, plainly to be imagined, of the coming bull-fight, horses trampling on their viscera, gallant bulls bursting with squibs of gunpowder—fancy this inconceivable mixture of callousness, inhumanity, coquetry, rococo, illegal child-birth, priesthood, nuns, and benevolence, and you have a combination quite fit for Hogarth, treated with Hogarth's wit, and adorned with a silken suit of Harlequin colors that only the followers of Fortuny have discovered.

Luis Alvarez might be taken as striking the key-note of a collection like this, so very modern, so entirely up to the last notion in connoisseurship. But the burst of Fortuny-miracle-working is here in its gravity and its austerity, not merely in its pyrotechny. Fortuny never did anything more serious and elevated than the life-scale "Portrait of a Spanish Lady." The effort is almost unique in his "œuvre," nowhere else in which do we find life-size figures except in the abandoned "Battle of Tetuan." A superb, impassive, narrow-eyed, somewhat pulpy woman, with a smouldering-volcano expression, stands robed in black silk, which is buttoned to the chin with coral studs, and which expands into the balloon-like crinoline of 1860. Her face is painted without the least bravado of technic, quietly and anxiously, and is so elaborated that the flesh becomes a perfect type of lymphatic temperament combined with dark skin. The rich silk, on the contrary, is sketched, and superbly sketched. The hands, puffy and lifeless, and holding a jewelled eye-glass, are less successful than anything else within the frame. This portrait, which one would expect to see cherished among the proudest ancestral galleries of Spain, has been allowed to get to America through an accident. The name of the original has not been published among the articles that have been written on the picture, but, after such a lapse of time, it may now be whispered. The lady of the picture is Madame Garcia, wife of the Secretary of Queen Isabella's ambassador at Rome, in the old time; the distractions which resulted in exiling the queen disturbed the affairs of her diplomats as well, and the Garcias found themselves temporarily embarrassed, and willing to sell the family likeness on its merits as a work of art. Better times have supervened, and in their recovered prosperity the Garcias have made impassioned efforts to buy the painting back, but of course there is no price which would be adequate to recover a unique Fortuny like this. Arsène Houssaye contemplated this picture in Fortuny's studio at Rome, and sighed, "When will another Velasquez be born?" The painting, indeed, for certain profound and deeply considered qualities, as different from the laughing sheen of the ordinary Fortuny as a bronze medal is from a water-color, deserves to be preserved forever in this country, as a Spanish boon somehow similar to the very discovery of the land.

Alma-Tadema, again, is a name not only good in itself, but well looked on. He is a creditable guest to have in one's parlor. His "Education of the Children of Queen Clotilda" is one of the choice pictures in this collection. There are sixteen figures, in one of the Romanized atriums of ancient Gaul. The Queen who made France a Christian country sits in the tender grace of widowhood, with little Prince Clotaire and his brothers engaging in the exercises of the palæstra under her superintendence. One leans on her knee, one holds a little battle-axe ready to throw at the target, and the third stands in full foreground in act to hurl the hatchet, while his sword-master stoops behind him to watch and criticise the stroke. At the corner of the peristyle, a bald priest, with Christian breviary in his hand, leans against a column, and the shaven heads of monks, already prepared with their garb of monastic asceticism, emerge from the crowd of courtiers. Very piquant is the contrast of costumes, in which contrast

is inclosed the whole significance of superpositions of race. The Gaulish armor and leg-thongs still cling to the soldiers, the Roman pallium is adopted as a foreign distinction by the counsellors, while the Christian monks have even now invented their livery of renunciation. In these changes we see the Gaulish valor giving stability to France, the Latin learning giving her civilization, the oriental genius of Christianity giving her enlightenment. That the costumes and architecture are scholarly in their correctness, is sufficiently implied when we recall that the painter is Laurent Alma-Tadema.

Here, again, we stumble on the originals of the photographs seen in every portfolio, Gérôme's "Louis XIV. and Molière," and Gérôme's "L'Eminence Grise." The Molière incident, narrated by Madame Campan, is not very solid history, but may do for the web of a picture. According to what that communicative school-mistress told the Bonaparte people, after having heard it from somebody as gossipy as herself, Louis XIV. had unusual trouble with his courtiers when trying to introduce the drama into his kingdom. Italian music they would tolerate, so far as to dance themselves in the operas. But to dine with Poquelin, the upholsterer's offspring, was more than they could stomach. Accordingly, Louis arranges his little drama; spreads on the bedside table the chicken and biscuit of his "en cas de nuit," and suddenly summons the court, to show that he is not ashamed to eat with Molière. The keen painter makes of this incident a truer-looking fact than many an undisputed conjuncture of history. The reign of art has invaded France, and begins to undermine feudalism—the player sits with the king. We have the scornful hypocrisy and servility of bowing courtiers, the unconvinced lacqueism of shocked domestics, and at last, near the door, the open revolt of De Retz, Archbishop of Paris, who had forbidden the playing of the troupe in the capital. In effect, this scene, this propinquity of Molière's with the court, belongs to the rustic retirement of Fontainebleau, where we must conceive the legendary event to take place. The background shows a chamber of Fontainebleau, similar to that in Le Brun's Gobelin's tapestry, which represents the young king receiving an apology from the Papal legate; the costumes, too, are the same, and in this instance at least we have the satisfaction of knowing where the faultless painter got his authorities. Meanwhile, the comely young monarch in the middle, between Art, in modest confidence, and Clericalism, clutching its "berette" in a fury, forms a pretty and wholesome allegory of progress.

By the same painter, "L'Eminence Grise" takes us back to the preceding reign. Richelieu's petted confidant, the filthy barefoot monk "Friar Joseph," descends with his naked feet the steps of the splendid palace steps of the Cardinalate, now Palais Royal. As he comes down, self-conscious and devout, the entering crowd of time-servers, with many prelates among them, bow low to the statue of humility. Once past, they raise their heads, and don their felts again. The expression of the knight seen above, on the stairs, sweeping on in the pride of his recovered hat, is precisely that which used to be adopted in Tartuffe, when, hatted and insolent, he marches through Orgon's house, as played at the Français by Bressant, before his epileptic stroke. This picture of the "Brother Joseph" of Bulwer's "Richelieu," is uncommonly pointed and witty.

Four Meissoniers, of which "The Game Lost," "The Stirrup-Cup," and the "Captain," are the best; a life-size Bouguereau group, "A Damsel Hesitating between Love and Riches;" a wonderful "Market in Hungary," by the Viennese Pettenkofen; four Martin Ricos, three Simonettis, two originals by Horace Vernet—these are the certificates of standing furnished by the best type discoverable of the well-informed Gallery.

CICERONE.

AN ARTIST'S PARADISE.

FOR a lover of color and of perfect taste in colors, Tunis is a rare treat. An English resident in that city writes as follows:

"The exquisite tints and combinations one finds in the costumes of the Moors and Arabs, even, I may say, in the very beggars of the streets, are really surprising. You never find a contrast or a shade that grates on you. There is a lovely, indescribable blue very prevalent here, that were it introduced into England, would

be seized on at once as the latest 'art' color. And the Moors seem to understand, what we are only just beginning to see, that the true combination of colors is to place side by side, not radically opposed tints, as red and green, but colors that have something in common, as green and blue, red and purple, brown and orange. One Moor, whether intentionally or not, would seem to select as his 'theme' the above-mentioned shade of blue. He will have his loose upper garment of a deep 'peacock' color, and the under vest, which always shows in front, of a blue so lovely and delicate, that I can only compare it to the color of a heron's egg. This is only one of the many combinations one sees; apricot and crimson, a sombre brown and a pale orange, every shade of dirty 'astic' green, all these tints worn by the portly Moors and the peasants from the interior, render the streets of the Arab town like an ever-changing kaleidoscope."

GRETA'S BOSTON LETTER.

TWO NEW ART GALLERIES—THE NEW HOUSE OF THE BOSTON ART CLUB—THE GREAT TRIENNIAL MECHANICS' FAIR EXHIBITION OF CONTEMPORARY ART.

BOSTON, June 20, 1881.

I THINK I have told you somewhat, heretofore, of the new taste in house-building and decoration prevailing in the fashionable new Back Bay district. The new residence of the bachelor rector of Trinity, built by the architects of that magnificent church (and of your State Capitol at Albany), is an extreme type of the fashion. The most descriptive designation of the style is "squatty," though the architects' technical term is Romanesque. It is peculiarly fit for homes, having very strongly the cozy, homelike air, and recalling to the unlearned the homes of Old England—the England of Elizabeth and Mary—though northern Italy is really the birthplace of the style. Broad, low windows in the lower story, little windows in the upper, and dormers in the low-slanting tiled roof, with heavy ornate chimneys on the most prominent front or corners, and a general irregularity and individuality of outline are the marked characteristics of the vogue. The material is usually rough brick, with entablatures of carved brick or terra cotta in the middle of front and ends. Such is the style of the new house of the Boston Art Club, ground for which was broken this spring. It is to be another "bit of color" of the warm tone for which old Boston is exchanging her Puritan drab and gray of former generations. Fronting on the grand square already surrounded by Trinity Church with its great tiled tower, the Art Museum with its broad terra-cotta bas-reliefs, the new "Old South" with its lofty campanile and Byzantine lantern, and blocks of towering French apartment-houses, and of more of the English Romanesque "squatty," the new Art Club house will be emphatically "de son temps," a monument of the sumptuous, "solid" period in which old Boston is settling down to the luxurious enjoyment of the well-earned fruits of generations of thrift, enterprise, industry, and cultivation. Of course an art club cannot rival the lavish expenditure of your Union League of bankers, merchants, and capitalists; but this building and the land will cost not far from a hundred thousand dollars. Is there another art club anywhere in the New World or the Old? If there is, I have not heard of it; and the club's committee on the new house inspected many club-houses on both sides of the water without finding any existing model for what this club aims at—namely, to be at once a club and a sort of public institution. The luxurious privacy of the club proper and the public use of the gallery for periodical exhibitions must be combined, and this was the problem. The house occupies about the space of two large city mansions, ninety feet on the longer side, presented to the Dartmouth Street side of the square, and fifty-four feet on Newbury Street. On the corner rises a wedge-shaped tower, capped with a bell-shaped roof. This tower will jut out and overhang on the second story, supported by a single pillar rising the height of the first floor, thus giving a picturesque profile to the corner. The basement will be finished off into several large rooms, one perhaps for billiards, and one large enough for a lecture-room, while the remaining space affords packing and storage rooms. The ground floor is to be devoted to the parlors, reading-room, and lounging-rooms for the members, which can be entirely